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THE

# CAPTAIN'S STORY.

BY

MARY ASHLEY TOWNSEND.

("XARIFFA.")

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# THE CAPTAIN'S STORY.

THE day was hot, and we sat in the tent,—
Above us a live-oak's branches bent,
And wild birds warbled their innocent loves
In the odorous depths of orange-groves.

No fold in the flag at the door was stirred;
It hung in the heat like some bright, dead bird,
And the air was so still, you could hear the tramp
Of the pacing sentry all over the camp.

It seems, sometimes, that I yet can hear
The cardinal-bird whistle loud and clear,

And the shrill, brief note of the nonpareil,
From behind the gum-tree's mossy veil,

And the startling buzz of the dragon-flies,
And the bold cicada's sudden cries,
And the rush by some sinuous serpent made,
'Neath the rank palmetto's jagged shade,

While the palpitant lizard climbs the seams
Of our shining tent in the hot sunbeams;
And the jest and laugh go from mouth to mouth
In our idle camp there away down South.

'Twas our Colonel's tent, and some of us boys
Were playing that day at euchre;
With a deal of good-natured soldierly noise,
Winning or losing our lucre.

The Colonel looked on—he never played,
But sometimes beguiled an hour
By watching the cut of heart or spade,
Or sudden turn of a "bower."

About this man a mystery hung,—
His history's hidden links
Were as hard to read as riddles that sprung
Of old from the Theban sphinx.

Reserved and cold he was called by some,
Though ever the warm abettor
Of right,—but he ne'er named friends or home,
And never received a letter.

At the first call of our startled land
He joined us Illinois Yanks,

And rose to his present high command
Out of the heart of the ranks.

A braver rider ne'er held a rein,
A bolder ne'er wore a spur;
Yet, for a comrade wrung with pain,
No touch could be tenderer.

His hand was soft as a gentle girl's,
His smile had a rare, sweet grace,
And a shining mass of soft black curls
Framed in his pale dark face.

And straight he was as an Indian's arrow,
And lithe as an Indian's bow;
And not a thought of his soul was narrow
For either a friend or a foe.

E'er first and foremost in the fight
His tall form rose afar,
Like one transfigured by the might
And majesty of war!

His brave, black eyes like scimitars
I've seen flash out in battle,
And blaze like God-ignited stars,—
Amid the roar and rattle

Of falling shot and bursting shell,
The war-cloud's leaden rain,
And all the mimicry of hell
That paints the battle-plain.

But, though he farthest rode of all,
And dared what few would dare,

He passed unscathed by blade, or ball,
Or shot, or shell, or snare,

As though he bore a charméd life,
This man who claimed no tie,
No friend, no sweetheart, child or wife,
To mourn him should he die.

Well educated, brave, well-bred,
Handsome, high-toned, and young,
Speaking four languages, 'twas said,
Besides his mother-tongue;

This our Colonel, Gustave Dupré,
So nonchalantly bent
Above our game of cards that day,
Within his sentried tent;

When, on the sod we heard a foot
  Crush down the verdure vernal,—
A corporal with brief salute
  Said, "Some one to see you, Colonel."

We all looked up,—paused in our game,—
There in the tent door's peakéd frame
A dusky woman, straight and tall,
Stood smiling down upon us all.

She was a stranger,—whence she came
None of us knew,—none knew her name;
But age and weakness, sex and port,
Appealed to every soldier's heart.

"Come in, auntie," our Colonel said,
"The sun beats hot upon your head.

Here is a seat. No, boys; don't go,—
Be sure her mission all may know."

We boys sat where our game had stopped,
Our cards upon the table dropped:
Indifferent, careless, indolent,
We watched the stranger in the tent.

Erect, and with attentive glance,
Half question, and half nonchalance,
With folded arms across his breast,
The Colonel stood beside his guest.

She took the seat, and straightened down
The folds in her blue cotton gown;
And re-arranged, with wrinkled hands,
Her gingham turban's brilliant bands;

Then felt the pins, with nervous quest,
That held the kerchief across her breast,
And drew her tired feet, soiled and bare,
From sight beneath the low camp-chair.

Her faded face was swart, not black,
And marred by many a trouble-track.
For Care, the toiler, o'er her brow
Had driven a sharp incisive plow,
Whose cruel furrows, deep and murk,
Told he'd not idled at his work.

Within her cheeks twin hollows lay,
Wrecks of a beauty passed away.
The ruined dimple, the stranded blush,
Wont in its savage youth to rush
From cheek to brow, unchecked, untamed,

Unclouded, joyous, and unshamed,
Now lay there dead, forgot, unnamed.
Whilst ashen tints of grief and gloom,
With which Time paints out all the bloom,
All brightness, freshness, youth, and grace,
At last from every woman's face,
Lay, sombring aught that had been fair
Of rounded grace or color there.
Yet in her dark and liquid eye
Still shone that solemn depth of power
To suffer dumbly, patiently,
Which is a woman's special dower.
This majesty of self subdued,
The lowly creature's brow imbued
With something of a Christian grace
That had become a lovelier face.

She spoke,—with glance and mien abject,
And in the common dialect
That marked the plain plantation "hands,"
Well known in cane and cotton lands.
Rude were her words, but sweet her tone,
As any high-born dame would own,
And oft some quaint old creole phrase,
Or gentle speech of gentler days,
The curious listener could detect
Mixed with her negro dialect.

"Scuse me, Cunnel, I troubles you, shore,
But dear young massa, Ise ole and pore;
An' de quiver of life, once full of years,
Holds nuffin now but a few salt tears.
A little more toil up life's rough road,
Den dese ole shoulders 'll drop dere load.

Ise come, as it's been my habit to come
Wherever Ise heerd a Yankee drum,
To ax if to your knowledge dere's been,
Froo out de ranks of de Lincum men,
A boy of mine. He went to de Norf
When my ole massa, bress us, was worf
Sich heaps of lan' an' cane an' money,
As neber, I specs, you dreamed of, honey.
Dis boy of mine, he was strong an' peart,
An't 'peared to me he couldn't be sceart
By eber a look, or a word, or a sound:
Not even de bay of de fierce bloodhound.
Mars' Cunnel, I missed dat boy of mine
Froo de moonlight nights an' de hot sunshine,
An' my heart was neber dat weighted down
It couldn't take him dar all my own,
An' feel dar was food an' light an' rest
In holdin' dat little one close to my breast."

She paused, and wiped with homely grace
The hot tears from her troubled face.

Said the Colonel, "When did he go away?"
She answered, "I can't now 'zactly say,—
Dat is, jes de year, *mo pas connais;*
But, near as I now kin recolleck,
He'd jes about turned seven, I 'speck.
I couldn't read, an' he couldn't write,
An' Ise laid awake a many a night
A prayin' an' prayin' unto de Lord
Dat chile of mine would on'y sen' word
Where he was gone to, or where he was gwine;
But, bress you, dar neber cum word nor line;
An' eber sence dis yere war broke out,
It's seemed to me, if I tried, I mought
Diskiver a clue to dat chile of mine
From some one 'noder from 'cross de line.

Kase brave as he was, when de war begun,
'Twas in him to jine it de fustest one.
So Ise sarched an' sarched under ebery rag
Dat Ise seen afloat of de Lincum flag,
A hopin' an' hopin' dese pore ole eyes
Mought see him jes once afore dey dies,
Dat dese ole arms mought hold him yet,
Afore de comin' of life's sunset,
An' my heart keeps longin' to find his lub,
Just as de wild beast longs for her cub."

"Why did he leave you?" the Colonel said,
"Sold? lost or run away instead?"

The old mulattress dropped her face,
With the humble air of her humbled race.
"Sold? no! lost? no, nor run'd away,—
'Deed, sah! he neber dun went astray

Out of his own free will an' accord,
Nor evil-mindedness, bress de Lord!
No, no, Mars' Cunnel, my boy was good,
I wants dat ar well understood;
His heart was noble,—he loved me true,
An' many's de time, 'twixt me an' you,
I knows he's longed for dese lovin' arms
Dat sheltered him once from dis world's harms;
But, you see, Mars' Cunnel, 'twasn't all right,
My boy was handsome, an' smart, an'—white!

"Massa was rich, dere was pride in my heart,—
I begged my boy mought be given a start,
An' not be hand an' foot tied down,
A white-skinned slave to a white man's frown.
I was younger den, an' purty, dey say;
Well, anyhow, I had my own way,

An' de boy was sent from de ole plantation
Somewhere up Norf for an edication.

"For days arter dat I moped roun' de place,
An' cried if a chile looked up in my face;
An' I sot on de banks of de old bayou:
A mournin' an' mournin' de long nights froo;
For I couldn't somehow set my heart to rights,
An' it an' me had some awful fights.

"I couldn't help wishin' my young one back,
For a mother's a mother, sah, white or black;
But, I had my work, an' a busy hand
'Twixt a troubled heart an' its grief will stand,
An' I learned to say, 'It's all for de best;
He'll come back some day, de Lord be bressed.'

"But year arter year came de cotton, an' de cane,
But dat boy of mine cum'd neber again!
Den ole massa died, an' I was alone,
An' into de hands of strangers thrown,
An', somehow, I lost, when dey laid massa low,
Ebery trace of dat chile I longed for so!

"Den at las' cum de signs of dis yere war,
An' you Lincum soldiers here, where you are;
An' I was sot free, an' I made up my mind
Dat, livin' or dyin', my boy I'd find;
An' I 'spect Ise done walked a hundred mile,
Barefooted, a tryin' to fine dat chile!
Now, Cunnel, dat's why I ask your consent
To jes look along froo your regiment,
An' see if 'mongst your men I can't fine
Dat growed-up pickaninny of mine."

The Colonel had heard her rambling talk,
Leaving his place now and then to walk,
As was his wont, up and down the tent,
With folded arms and brow down-bent.
Now, as she paused to dry a tear,
"Good woman," he said, "no such man here,
If I know aught of my regiment;
But, look for yourself, you have my consent."

"I wants to look for myself," she said;
"I neber shall believe dat boy is dead
Till my poor body has toted my soul
Out of de reach of dis world's control."

"Nay, nay! with you let us hope not dead,"
With kindly gesture, the Colonel said;
"But think for a moment what time has done
In the changing years to change your son.

Just think what a man he now must be,
How stalwart and bearded,—it seems to me
The changes that surely have taken place
Would leave him a stranger before your face."

"Not know my chile!" the negress said,
For the first time lifting her lowly head;
"Not know my boy, wheresomeber he be,
If good or wicked, or bond or free?
Not know dat boy, de son dat I bore?
Oh, Mars' Cunnel, you's jestin' shore!
Why, de stars will drop, an' de moon be spiled,
When a mother's done forgot her child!
If my boy's livin' he's twenty-nine,
An' straight as de Lou'siana pine;
An' he ain't got much of my cusséd race
Writ out, thank God! on his brave young face.

Then he has marks!" she said, looking up:
"His ear was bit by a terrier pup,
An' de leastest piece of it tore away,
An' I knows he carries dat mark to-day!
Den a sailor man, from some furrin land,
Pricked on the back of my boy's right hand,
In right smart style, two letters blue,
And said dey'd allus be good as new.
De letters stood for his name, you see,
An' he told me to 'member 'em, G and D."

Suddenly pale our Colonel stood,
As if some horror had bleached his blood,
Whilst every one of us seemed to feel
His own breast pierced with red-hot steel;
For there, on our Colonel's slim right hand,
Bright and clear was the livid brand,—

Bright and clear for us all to see,
The fatal characters, G and D!

Then came the dawn of a wild surprise
Into the woman's dilated eyes.
A swift change over her features swept,
A sudden flush to her forehead leapt,—
And then, great God! shall I e'er forget?
One hand on the Colonel's epaulette,
Whilst with the other the clustering hair
She quickly pushed from the small left ear,
And there in the delicate flesh was seen
The mark where the terrier's teeth had been.

Burst from her lips one appalling shriek!
She glared at the Colonel, but did not speak.
Just like a tigress we'd seen her spring
Up at his breast; now, a drooping thing,

Haggard and helpless, we saw her cling
To the shuddering form she seemed to sting,
By the slight touch of her dark hand there,
Into a figure of mute despair.

Like some one suddenly stricken dumb,
With heart, and veins, and pulses numb,
All life, all sense a frozen flood,
For one brief space our Colonel stood.
But now the strength came back to his grasp;
He caught her throat in a cruel clasp;
The tender pity that lately shed
Its gentle light on his face had fled,
And a stern white horror lay there instead.

"Unhand me, woman!" he cried, in tones
Less like words than torturing groans;

"You lie! oh, fiend! this is false as hell!
Take back the lie you have dared to tell
In this damned part you have played so well.
Take it back,—I'll throttle you else,—I say!"
She only answered, "Gustave Dupré!"

From side to side I saw him swerve,
As if each syllable struck a nerve.
Down from her throat his white hand sunk;
He reeled like one death-struck or drunk.
Upon his forehead's pallid hue
Drops of agony stood like dew.
With sudden frenzy and reckless touch
He tore himself from the woman's clutch,
And then again, with stern command,
He hoarsely bade her beside him stand.

"You gentlemen," he said, "have heard
This woman's words, nor stood aloof
Whilst she arrayed each damning proof
Of her strange claim. My soul is stirred
To madness. What have ye believed?
I burn to know myself deceived!
To wake, shake off this fearful dream,
This horrid plot, this hellish scheme.
I cannot judge,—I cannot think,—
I totter on the awful brink
Of horrors that accumulate
Around this dark, undreamed-of fate.
Judge ye for me; though I do swear,
For yonder woman standing there
No heart-throb, instinct, new-born ties
Of kindred feeling in me rise
Responsive to this loathsome claim
That fain would link me to her shame!

Look at us both,—here as we stand.
Forget this mark, this odious brand!
For God's sake, men, breathe out no lie,
Withhold no truth, nor aught deny,—
Say, if in cheek, or lip, or brow,
Here as we stand before you now,
A single trait alike you see
Betwixt this woman here and me.
Nay, shrink not, flinch not, nor delay;
I do command! do you obey!"

What need to stammer out replies?
He read our answers in our eyes.
Unlike, yet like, there stood the two,
Resemblance growing on our view,
As, both dismayed and both undone,
They stood, life's golden glow all gone,

Together, and yet so alone,
The stricken mother and her son!

He spoke: his voice fell cold and clear
Upon each strained, attentive ear.
"Soldiers, enough! In every face
I read conviction of disgrace.
Are ye my friends? Then each must know
The cruel blight of this foul blow.
Are ye my foes? then each and all
Have in the horror of my fall
Their vengeance found, their triumph won,
To see me here disgraced, undone,
Polluted, shamed, a thing to shun,
A negro mother's bastard son!

"Here, with my hand upon my sword,
I give you my untarnished word,

I knew naught of my birth or name
That shadowed me with taint or shame.
I swear this, and my word is white,
Thank God, however in your sight
Polluted be the blood that chains
My soul to these degraded veins.
I had ambition, health, and youth,
But no suspicion of the truth.
The mystery that about me hung
No one unraveled, and I clung
To it in idle hours perchance,
And dreamed some tender, bright romance
In coming time might be unrolled,
With my name 'midst its honors scrolled.
Therefore I vowed to make that name
One that the noblest blood might claim

To write upon the blazoned page
Of an unsullied heritage.
From some unknown, mysterious hand
Gold flowed to aid each aim I planned,—
How hard I toiled, and what I won,
It boots not now to any one."

Then spake the woman, o'er whose face
Conflicting thoughts had seemed to chase,
As oft, in summer, on the plain,
Shadows chase shadows o'er the grain.
Her eyes, from which the tears had gushed
When first conviction o'er her rushed,
Now glittered steady, bright, and dry,
Though wet was every soldier's eye.
Upon her dusky cheeks a spot
Of glowing red burned fierce and hot,

While on her lips, firm, cold, compressed,
A subtle meaning stood confessed.

"Massa," she said, and every word
Burned to the brain of him who heard,—
"Mars' Cunnel, Ise gwine to go away.
I don't want you to rue de day
When fust I cum yer, a pore ole tramp,
Disturbin' de peace of dis yer camp.
Somehow or 'noder Ise made a mistake:
Folks will sometimes when de heart's fit to break.
'Scuse me,—Ise giv' you a heap of bother:
Ole people's stupid somehow or 'nother.
But, Mars' Cunnel, and ebery one,
Better folks dan me dis war's undone,
An' whar I cum from dey tink it's dazed
My pore ole brain, and dey say Ise crazed.

"Ise gwine away right now,—Ise tired,—
It isn't much to which Ise 'spired,—
I jes thought if I could fine my boy,
Den life would shet wid a sudden joy.
Ise pleased myself for many a year
Tinkin' how, as a man, dat boy 'd appear;
An' many a pang has my heart forsook
When I thought jes how de chile mus' look.
How tall he'd growed, and how pleased he'd be
When I foun' him out, an' he know'd 'twas me!
But, Mars Cunnel, it's plain an' clear,
If I sarched foreber he'd not be here.
I don't see any but what would be
Ten tousand times too good for me,—
So smart an' peart, brave an' upright,
An' honored too, an' all so white!
Ise gwine on huntin' dat boy of mine,
Froo de moonlight nights an' de hot sunshine,

A rockin' my grief by de ole bayou,
And nussin' de dream dat neber comes true,
Dat yet I'll fine him once agen,
In de God-blest ranks of de Lincum men.
Whar de gray moss swings on de pecan-tree
Dere's a cabin yet, an' a place for me
To rest in, when, a tired ole rover,
I knows dat de hunt for dat chile is over.
Jes for a minute,—ah, mon Dieu!
Cunnel—your face,—but 'twasn't true!
No,—not wid de proud an' great an' brave
Could rank de son of de pore ole slave.

"Massa! Ise gwine,—Ise slow to go,—
But den Ise ole an' tired, you know,
Don't mine dese tears dat my face has wet,
A mother's a mother, an' can't forget,

Though her skin be brack as de day unborn,
De baby dat once on her heart was worn.
Cunnel, good-by. Oh, let my lips
Lay jes once 'gin your finger-tips,
Jes one kiss dar,—one, soft and sly,
Unknownst to any one—good-by!
Ise gwine right now,—of course you see,
Your hand—dose letters was nuffin to me.
My boy's—name—wasn't—— Oh, my God!"
Gasping, smiling, down to the sod,
At the very feet of our Colonel brave,
Slowly sank down the poor old slave.

Strong with a strength we had failed to know,
Felled where none of us felt a blow,
Great in that grand unselfish pride
Which heroes and martyrs hath glorified,

Prone she sank at our Colonel's side:
And as she fell, her fading eyes
Turned with one yearning, pleading gaze,
Mingled yet with a glad surprise,
Up to the Colonel's haggard face;
Then fell away with that mute endeavor
The dying make to give up forever
All that they hold of dearest worth,
Or sacred value upon the earth,
And turned to us; as, in the tent,
Saddened and shocked, we o'er her bent,
And searching our faces, one by one,
Whispered, "Your Cunnel is not my son!"
With these brief words, all glorified
Her features grew,—once, twice, she sighed,
Lifted her hands, and spread them o'er
Her dusky face, and spoke no more.

"Send for the surgeon!" the Colonel said;
On his own knee he pillowed her head.

The surgeon came. On the swarthy breast
Slightly his practiced hand he pressed,
Then, with a shake of his sturdy head,
"Boys," he muttered, "this woman is dead!
Send for a stretcher,—how came she here?
Anything now must serve for a bier.
There's news afloat: the enemy lie
Strongly entrenched, it is said, hard by.
But of course you know it; there's work ahead:
Better make haste and bury your dead."
Then with a laugh, and a soldier's jest,
Unaware of what sore oppressed
Every heart that around him beat,
He turned away with hurrying feet;

Calling back as he passed from sight,
"Hot work for us all before midnight."

* * * * * * * *

Responsive to the careless word
So lightly said, so keenly heard,
Swept through our veins that martial fire
Which every soldier doth inspire.
We half forgot what late had been
In picturing the coming scene;
And each man's hand was on his sword,
And each man's foot turned toward the door,
When one imploring earnest word
Caused every one to halt once more.

The Colonel stood beside the dead.
His own cloak o'er the form was spread,

And o'er his head seemed to have passed
Years, since we looked upon him last.

"My men!" he said, "this dooméd hand
Bears, in its blue and livid brand,
The vile insignia of disgrace
That marked my mother's lowly race.
Nay! do not take its cruel stain
Within your honest grasp again!
You will? then let it e'en be so."
And, as we gave him one by one
The clasp he would but could not shun,
There came a soft and tender glow
Across the pallor of his cheek,
Which spoke, as never words could speak,
How precious unto him had been
The good-will of his fellow-men.

"Great God! a father does his worst
Who leaves his son a blood accursed!"
At last he said; "ah, worse than chains
The burden of defiléd veins!
But of this thing enough. We hear
Impending battle drawing near.
You know, ere now, what fights I've shared,
You know what dangers I have dared,
You know if e'er a craven led
Where comrades fell and comrades bled.
You know, if e'er where foes were met,
This hand or sabre faltered yet!
Remembering this, if for this fight
I do renounce all rank or right,—
You will forgive? you will not blame
Nor whisper *coward* with my name?
Soldiers! I cannot forth again,—
What good fate held for me has been;

My star has sunk, my day is sped.
I will not follow where I led!
Nor will I meet the signs of scorn
Sure in some comrade to be born,
Who looks for honor or disgrace
Only in records of one's race.
These smitten hands resign all claim
To future glory,—future fame.
Where is the lip to name the good
Found in a white man's negro blood?
Here, with this last grasp of my hand,
I yield forever my command.
Forth to the fight, and fare ye well!
My future, be it heaven or hell,
Can make, can mar, not yours—adieu!
Unto your country be ye true!"
With these last words, a gleam of steel
Met our stark eyes,—we saw him reel,—

Toward him rushed his aim to thwart.
Too late! his own sword kissed his heart;
And pale and dead before us lay
Our gallant Colonel—Gustave Dupré.

# THE BATHER.

WARM from her waist her girdle she unwound,
And cast it down on the insensate turf:
Then copse and cove and deep-secluded vale
She scrutinized with keen though timid eyes,
And stood with ear intent to catch each stir
Of leaf, or twig, or bird-wing rustling there.
Her startled heart beat quicker even to hear
The wild bee woo the blossom with a hymn,
Or hidden insect break its lance of sound
Against the obdurate silence. Then she smiled,

At her own fears amused, and knew herself
God's own image by that hidden pool.
Then from its bonds her wondrous hair she
loosed,
Hair glittering like spun glass, and bright as
though
Shot full of golden arrows. Down below
Her supple waist the soft and shimmering coils
Rolled in their bright abundance, goldener
Than was the golden wonder Jason sought.

Her fair hands then, like white doves in a net,
A moment fluttered 'mid the shining threads,
As with a dexterous touch she higher laid
The gleaming tresses on her shapely head,
Beyond the reach of rudely amorous waves.
Then from her throat her light robe she un-
clasped,

And dropped it downward with a blush that rose
The higher as the garment lower fell.

Then she cast off the sandals from her feet,
And paused upon the brink of that blue lake:
A sight too fair for either gods or men;
An Eve untempted in her Paradise.

The waters into which her young eyes looked
Gave back her image with so true a truth,
She blushed to look, but blushing looked again,
As maidens to their mirrors oft return
With bashful boldness once again to gaze
Upon the crystal page that renders back
Themselves unto themselves, until their eyes
Confess their love for their own loveliness.

Her rounded cheeks, in each of which had grown,
With sudden blossoming, a fresh red rose,
She hid an instant in her dimpled hands,
Then met her pink palms up above her head,
And whelmed her white shape in the welcoming
wave.

Around each lithesome limb the waters twined,
And with their lucent raiment robed her form;
And, as her hesitating bosom sunk
To the caresses of bewildered waves,
They foamy pearls from their own foreheads gave
For her fair brow, and showered in her hair
The evanescent diamonds of the deep.

Thus dallying with the circumfluent tide,
Her loveliness half hidden, half revealed,
An Undine with a soul: she plunged and rose,

Whilst the white graces of her rounded arms
She braided with the blue of wandering waves,
And saw the shoulders of the billows yield
Before the even strokes of her small hands,
And laughed to see, and held her crimson mouth
Above the crest of each advancing surge
Like a red blossom pendent o'er a pool,—
Till, done with the invigorating play,
Once more she gained the bank, and once again
Saw her twin image in the waters born.

From the translucent wave each beauty grew
To strange perfection. Never statue wrought
By cunning art to fullness of all grace,
And kissed to life by love, could fairer seem
Than she who stood upon that grassy slope
So fresh, so human, so immaculate!

Out from the dusky cloisters of the wood
The nun-like winds stole with a saintly step,
And dried the bright drops from her panting form,
As she with hurried hands once more let down
The golden drapery of her glorious hair,
That fell about her like some royal cloak
Dropped from the sunset's rare and radiant loom.

THE

# CAPTAIN'S STORY.

BY

MARY ASHLEY TOWNSEND.

("XARIFFA.")

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